Farming Macintosh (Humanised! Big Mac TF/MC)

Written By Zachary Everlust

"Wha's mah cutie mark an Apple?"

Stunned, before a few seconds past and you come into a realisation that your mouth literally spoke on its own, recognising that green Apple Mark is a cutie mark. Plus the fact your voice sounded like it had a southern twang to it, mixed with your usual vocal cords.

"Ah! Wha's happenin'" You feel freckles pop into your face, westernising your squaring jaw as it slowly starts to gain more of an edge. Goo's crawling and melting the belt buckle you had on your pants so it could fuse and crawl up your frowning body.

"Ah...Ah feel stronger" your mouth mutters, as both of your arms begin to flex and gain definition. Little hairs sprout before they turn an orangy blond, numerous sprouts of fur trickle down your thick and powerful arms.

"...Overalls? Wasn't Ta...Wasn't Ta...uh..." Your voice slowing down , as though it wasn't your nature to speak or say words pretty often. You wince your left eye, brain being filled with fancy mathematics you learned at school. Although you made it further than your sis in terms of school, it was still pretty difficult and exhausting to keep up with the rest of your peers**. Cousin Braeburn was always better anyways.** You thought, before proceeding to speak out an...

"Eeyup!"

Goo from the back and front hook together to form a pair of work overalls, tugging the undersized shirt you wore underneath gently so that it could loosen up with an depop! of a newly existent collar , Long column of buttons forming themselves on the plaiding-farmerised material of the shirt. Rolling up sleeves to show off the thickening beefy arm that the man has developed over the years since he was a lil kid.

Body reposturing to a firm and straight, strong and steady back, due to constant reminders from Granny Smith and the old folks to ensure he doesn't end up a hunch.

Hands declenching themselves as they fall into a relaxed trance, shoulders resting themselves as they loosen up from their soldier-like position, representing his usual carefree nature towards life. Neck thick and strong, another deeper Apple forming within as he recalls fond memories with him and his family. Freckles overwhelming, face reshaped, all he could say was a deep.

"Eeyup!"

The rest of his hair fell backward to the mid point of his neck as his front genetically styled itself to a nice farmer-boy cut, curls and blonding locks to show he's part of the Apple family. With a peachy fresh complex to match his southern characteristics, Big Mac could only stare at the sunset under the big Apple tree.

What a mighty fine day it's been! He thought to himself silently, before his eyes glowed a fresh luscious green. Mouth resting comfortable in a relaxed smile as he uttered up the same word for the final time in a row. He slung his lucky harness that always yearned him good production yields at the farm over his right shoulder. Cutiemark popping once again on the front pocket of his work overalls, the green apple family mark he always bore. Signalling the end of the day, and his transformation.

“Am I right? Cousin Big Mac?”

"Eeyup!"